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of this coal, & iron. They made of Middlesbrough a famous
coal-port, but few or many coal ports on this coast,
the coal trade fell off; whereupon, the Owners determined
to introduce the manufacture of iron; hardly
had the new industry been started, when the
Owners discovered that the Cleveland hills behind
the town, teemed with iron; that is fact. They were
in the middle of an iron-yielding district
covering an area of 300 sq. miles. The prosperity
of Middlesbrough was assured. enormous blast
furnaces, some of the largest in the world, to the
number of 100, have sprung up with unexampled
rapidity; & still more recently, the manufacturer
of steel by the Bessemer process, is an almost
equally glorious industry. From Middlesbrough
has its park, its exchange, libraries, & other institutions
of a thriving town. Guisborough, in the centre
of the mining district, the home of the miners, is
chiefly interesting as having the ruins of an
important Augustinian Priory.

Having noticed the landscape of the Vale of Pickering,
it is necessary to say a word of Pickering
Castle only, which stands on a hill beyond the little
town of Pickering - the picturesque ruins of an
Edwardian castle, demolished during the civil
war. The castle itself stands amongst - and the ash trees
littering, from the height on which the ruins
stand you get a view over the richly wooded
fertile valley. The old railway line between
Whitby & Pickering, cutting on levels however
one after another, is hardly second in beauty
to the line between Scarborough & York, &
is said amongst the most ^{numerous} beauty in England.
The noble coast of the North Riding is its great
attraction, the more so, because practically, the water

The work of six distinct architectural periods, covering not less than eight centuries, is to be traced in its walls. The oldest, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the church is the ^{ancient} crypt called St. Wilfrid's Nook, which was probably built by St. Wilfrid in the latter half of the seventh century. This crypt is considered "the most perfect existing relic of the first age of Christianity in Yorkshire". The vestry & chapterhouse above the crypt below them are the remains of a Roman church, probably the work of Thomas of Bayeux, the first Abp. of York after the Conquest. But there are, so speak, appendages of the present church, which was built by Abp. Rogers, in the latter half of the twelfth century. His work (remained) is to be seen in the transepts, the choir, & some piers from above. Archbishop Gray (1215-1255) added to beautiful Early English were found, marked by much stg. with ornament in the mouldings of the windows. Archbishop Roger's work was displaced by Decorated bays, in the eastern portion of the choir, towards the end of the thirteenth century; & early in the sixteenth, his nave was removed, to be replaced by one of Perpendicular work. A church which carries in its structure evidences of each of the great waves of style which has given character to ecclesiastical architecture - each such wave being the expression of some phase of religious feeling as is in itself a movement of unspeakable interest; but Ripon cathedral does not contain many interesting monuments. It contains for the honour of guardin St. Wilfrid's shrine; but there is nothing to oppose to Abp.

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Odoo's assertion that he found the saint's remains
suspending from neglect & secured them to Canterbury
for interment. Its association with the famous
St. Wilfrid, sometimes abbt of Ripon, a foreigner of the
Scots in 1319, some events in the rebellion known
as the 'Rising of the North,' the sacking of the
Bunister by the Parliamentary troops in 1643, are
among the chief events in the history of the ancient
city of Ripon.

A couple of miles out of Ripon are the ruins
of Fountains Abbey, within the Hatfield Royal,
the seat of the Marquis of Ripon. The grounds
of Hatfield Royal are beautifully laid out in
the Italian taste introduced by William of Orange,
with ponds, temples, terraces, statues, producing
surprise happy effects; but the visitor to
Fountains will think with regret of the natural
beautiful environment of Bolton Abbey.
The artificial character of its surroundings are
the more distasteful, because the ruins of the
Abbey are so much less impressive, leaving
before you, as all the reading in the world fails
to do, the elaborate organization, wealth & power
of great religious houses of the middle ages.
The romantic incidents attending the foundation
of the Abbey add to the interest of Fountains. While
St. Bernard was still purifying the Cistercian rule,
from his cell at Citeaux (near Dijon) introducing
a discipline of severe rule & strict poverty, the
rumors of his doing reached certain ⁽¹³²⁾ Benedictines
of St. Mary's at York, who complained ⁽¹³²⁾ to Abp. Thurstan
that they were constrained to dwell in the tents of
Mesopot. He made vain attempts to reform his
disorderly house, rendered by removing the discontented
monks, giving them a retreat in the lovely valley of the little

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watering places command the sales of Cleveland,
from Whitley especially, you are in their company
rest of the ~~delightful~~ ^{isomeric} plains with ground of tickled.
Whitley is truly a delightful watering place, &
chiefly because the Whitley folk are full of good industry,
& hold their own in spite of the summer visitors.
They are congregated for the most part in the handsome
Crescent & other modern houses on the Head
Cliff, but in the quaint, picturesque old town,
the fisher lads walk about half-drown already
arm-in-arm, along the quay, with all the ~~camping~~
young graduates in a university town. But
the humours of Whitley, grave & gay, have been
abundantly illustrated within the last year or two,
by Dr French, in Records, & by Mr May Lindell
in 'The Heaven under the Hill': 'the hill' being the
high steep cliff on the further side of the est., crowned
by the picturesque & lonely ruins of Thorney Abby.
No part of the ruins belongs to an earlier date than
the 12th century, but here is without doubt, the site of
the famous Saxon abbey. Short,

"A Saxon princess once did dwell,
In the lovely Whyley!"
when the Abbess Hilda ruled as concierge lady
over monks & nuns & vast estates, & poetised
over her wing Cedmon, cowherd & poet, who
sang under special inspiration the song of
'The Creation' which has lived until these latter days,
everyone knows, too -

"How of thousands creates each one
Was changed into a coil of stones
When holy Hilde prayed;" -
other say as still, embedded in the limestone cliffs,
known to modern science, however, as ammonites.
Whitley affords frequent scenes of extraordinary
animation & interest - as when the cobblers &
smacks come in laden with a great train
of herring, & the women fisher-wives & maids
bear & carry the following cargo, or again, when the
bridge

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lived between the old ^{the} new town is light caused
to all of the passage of a vessel into the long
harbor afforded by the rest, the ocean removed
you from every sudden stopping of traffic in
Rotterdam, with the added glory of the hill immediately
in front, with the parish church on its shoulder,
& the ruined abbey on its brow. The jet-industry
of Whitley makes a considerable claim in the
numerous jet-chops, but it is upon its trade with
that the town mainly depends. The museum has a
very interesting collection of the fossils of the lies,
including *pliosaurus*, *pleisiosauri* & a fine collection of
ammonites.

Scarborough, with a population over 30,000, is the
Brighton of the north, with its fine hotels, fine terraces,
promenades, & fashionable crowds. The old town,
which is adorned with commanding, crowded, above
the bay, while the new town displays random
rows of lodging-houses on the south, soon the North
Cliff. Scarborough has its Spa, two springs said
to be excellent in cases of dyspepsia, & much given
occasions to the Spa Pavilion & Spa fashions, a
charming resort, especially the ruins of Scarborough
Castle, at a point of the North Cliff where it breaks off
steep, down to the sea, seem to keep in mind
the historic interests of the old town, for it is
an old town, grand hotels & promenades notwithstanding.
There was already a town here in Harold Hardrada's
set on fire before the English Harold met him at
Stamford Brig. The castle appears ~~have~~ been built
in the reign of Stephen: here it was that Thomas, Earl
of Gloucester, captured Gaveston, 1312: it endured
an memorable siege at the hands of the Parliamentarians
during the Civil war, showed when Lady Cholmondeley,
the wife of the governor nursed the sick & wounded, &
showed the fortitude of heroine, 1645. After a six
months' siege, the garrison was compelled to
surrender coming out with the honors of war, but the
fortress was practically ruined.

Topography

Felix, with its fine sand & beautiful bay,
Shut in by the curios and towers of Filey
Brig on the one hand, & by the magnificent chalk
promontory of Flamborough Head on the other, is
a quiet & attractive watering place.

The East Riding.

Of the rather bare chalk country of the wolds, the
low lands of Holderness, close constantly retreating
coast, we have already spoken. But remaining
but the few places of particular interest,
Flamborough head, with its light-houses, sea caves,
sea birds, isolated rocks, terminates the chalk
on this coast, immediately under it, within
itself, is Bridlington, with good sand & still to the
South, the coast trends inward, & the map shows
such records as, "Here stood Arbur, which was
washed away by the sea." "Hastur was washed away."
"Hyde washed away." Hornsea & Withernsea
are the low-lying watering places of Holderness.

Amongst the inland points of interest and to be missed
are, Rudston, on the wolds, where is an extraordinary
upright stone, of the same character as the megalithic
carnac, some 24 ft. high: it is, doubtless, an
early British "remains"; near it, on the
bare wolds, are the signs of a (probably) British camp,
& the remains of pits which are supposed to be the foundations
of a British village.

Near the connocting town of Market-Wrighton, which
has an important sheep market, is Godmanham,
anciently, Godmanringham, where stood the temple
of the gods which Cosa undertook to profane, on
that occasion when the chiefs of colonies of
Northumbria were met - at the King's villa, probably
Clos at hand, to consider the teaching of Paulinus,
when his people decided to embrace the faith of
the White Christ.

Beverley,

Beverley, a quiet, pleasant market town, with a population of 15,500, was throughout the middle ages, a place of European celebrity for the sake of the shrine of St. John of Beverley, which drew pilgrims from all Christendom. The saint himself appears to have been born in Yorkshire (Cherry Burton), whence he was brought up, in part, by St. Wilde at Whitby, & other, after a period of hermit's life on the banks of the Eys, where he became Bishop, first, of Reckham, then, of York, whilst at York, he founded a monastery at Beverley, to which he retired, when he died, after working many miracles, as are told, with red records. He died in 721, & his tomb became the scene of many miracles. Not long centuries after his death, he was duly canonized by Pope Benedict IX. Thereafter we find kings visiting the shrine, in the days of battle, or, to return thanks for a victory: Henry I., Henry II., Edward I., & King John paid their vows here, brought rich offerings. The Conqueror is said to have spared Beverley when he ravaged Northumbria. Athelstan was among the earliest benefactors of the holy shrine: in return for successes achieved in Scotland, he fulfilled the vows with which he had set out, by founding her a college of secular canons, adding largely to the lands of the foundation. In the south transept of the Minster there hangs a tablet, supposed to bear the words employed by Athelstan in his grant to Beverley.

"Als gres mek I tho
As herf may thyrske
Or egh may see."

The Minster is an exceedingly beautiful church, early English for the most part, in very perfect condition, having undergone two thorough restorations, one, in the reign of George I., & a later, very successful restoration at the hand of Sir Gilbert Scott. The most interesting of the monuments is the beautiful Percy Shrine. Beverley is unusually rich in fine churches, St. Mary's